VOLUME XVL-NUMBER 11.

Choice Poetry.

THE RED SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY LUCY LABOOM.

I passed it yesterday again,
The school house by the river,
The school house by the river,
And used to glow and shiver,
In heats of June, December's frost;
And where, in rainy weather,
The awallen roadside brook we crossed
So many times heather.

I felt the trickle of the rain
From your wet ringlets dripping;
I caught your blue eye a twinkle, Jame,
When we were nearly slipping.
And thought, while you in frar and glee
Were cinning to my aboulder,
'(), will also trust herself to me,
When we are ten years older!"

For I was full of visions vain, The boy's romantic hunger; You were the whole school's darling, Jane, And many Summers younger. Your head a cherub's used to look,

The mountains, through the window pane, showered over you their glory!
The awk ward farin-boy loved you, Jane—You know the old, old story!
I never watch the sunset now,
U pon those misty ranges,
But your bright lips and cheek and brow Gleam out from all its changes.

I wonder if you see that chain
On memory's dim herizon?
There's not a lovelier picture, Jane,
To rest even your sweet eyes on.
The haystacks each an alry tent;
The notch a gate of splender?
And river, sky, and mountain blent
In twilight radiance tender.

I wender—with a fitting pain—

If thoughts of me, returning.
Are mingled with the mountains, Jane:
I stiffe down that yearning.
A rich man's wife, on you no claim
Have I best dreams to raily.
Yet Penigewasset sings your name
Along its winding walley.

And once I hoped that for us twain
Might fall one caim life-closing;
That Campton Hills singlet guard us, Jane,
In one green grave reposing.
They say the old main a heart is rock;
You never thought so, never!
And, loving you abone, I lock
The scalood home door forever.

ten; and I believe, sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned his steps to the deserted

teu; and I believe, sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned his steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out at the window, trying to fix my attention ou some external object, but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden and the cottage pre-occupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried, "I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance, briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by my statement.

"It is indeed, very strange," said he; "and after what has happened, I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make some important discovery."

I suffered but a very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting some time, an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion, when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well; gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was his reply.

"Have you a well here?" I inquired.

"No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage, without seeing

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

Miscellany.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER. BY GRORGE P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-bouse mid the heather,
In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
Its corrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in sir;
Your heart was like a feather.
And mine weigh d down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime;
To me it brought alloys,
Pore-shadow'd in the primerese time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of Authana weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How bless'd to age the impulse given—
The hope time no er destroya—
Which led our thoughts from earth to Heaven,
When you and I were boys.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

Oh! come, come with me to the old Kirk Yard; I well know the path through the soft green-swar. Friends slumter there, we were wont to regard— We if trace out their names in the old Kirk Yard.

Oh! mourn not for them-their grief is o'er; Oh! weep not for them—they weep no more; For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard Their pillow may be, in the old Kirk Yard.

I know 'tis in rain, when friends depart, To breathe kind words to a broken heart; I know that the joy of life seems marred, When we follow them house to the old Kirk Yard.

But were I at rest beneath you tree, Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me? I'm wayworn and sid, ah! why, then, retard The rest that I seek fo the old Kirk Yard?

GRANT AND WILSON.

And once I hoped that for as wind might it allow cain infections;

And once I hoped that for as wind it is a conserved and an unifore of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot. by the by the collected and the collected, drawn to the spot. by the collected, the collected the An Elequent Appenl by an Irish Orator.

the two study of characterism in the place. I was a study of characterism in the place of the pl

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Proceer Believed by Bebels to be in Favor of Prace with Reperation—The "Correspon-dence with Mr. Greeley Promotive of Their Wishen."

ST. CATHERINES, C. W., August 11, 1864. Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, Richmond, Va., C. S. A.:

SIR: I deem it due to Mr. Holcombe and myself to address you an explanation of the circumstances leading to, and attending our correspondence with Hon. Horace Greeley, which has been the subject of so much misrepresentation in the United States, and, if they are correctly copied, of at least two newspapers in the Coufederate States. We addressed a joint and informal note to the President on this subject, but, as it was sent by a messenger under reculiar embarrassments, it was conched in very guarded terms, and was not so full or explicit as we originally intended or destred to make it. I hope he has already delivered it, and explained its purpose, and supplied what was wanting to do us full justice.

THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS RECEIVE COMPANY.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Molcombe, Mr. Thompson and myself in Canada West, it was known in the United States, and was the subject of much speculation there as to the object of our purpose in part—Mr. Greeley has failed altogether. He correctly reports us as having proposing certain terms—among them remains until instructed by our Government. We have suffered ourselves to be falsely reported as proposing certain terms—among them remains that we would in due time be fully vindicated at home.

If there is no more wisdom in our country than SIR: I deem it due to Mr. Holcombe and my-

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Molcombe, Mr. Thompson and myself in Canada West, it was known in the United States, and was the subject of much speculation there as to the object of our visit. Some politicians, of more or less fame, representing all parties in the United States, came to see Mr. Holcombe and myself—Mr. Thompson being at Toronto and less accessible than we were at the Falls—either through curiosity or some better or worse motive. They found that our conversation was mainly directed to the mutual injury we were inflicting on each other by war, the necessity for peace in order to preserve, whatever was valuable to both sections, and the probability of foreign intervention, when we were thoroughly exhausted and unable to injure others, and the dictation of a peace less advantageous to both belligerents than they might now make, if there was an armistice of sufficient duration to allow passion to subdue and reason to resume its sway.

why saunders sought our greekley.

In the meantime Mr. George N. Saunders—who had preceded us to the Falls—was addressing either directly or indirectly, his ancient and intrinsic party friends, and others in the United States supposed to be favorably inclined, assuring them that a peace mutually advantageous to the North and the South might be made, and inviting them to visit us, that we might consider and distinct them that a peace mutually advantageous to the North and the South might be made, and inviting them to visit us, that we might consider and distinct them to visit us, that we might consider and distinct them to visit us, that we might consider and distinct them to visit us, that we might consider and distinct them to visit us, that we would be pleased to see him. Mr. Greeley had not there is an active and unseful agent for the minimum active and unseful agent for the indispensable co-operation. It is promised in any tolegram or jetter from Mr. Greeley, but had it only from the lips of Mr. Jewett, who is reported to be a man of fervid and fruitful imagination and very credulous of what he wishes to true. Notwithstanding, after calm deliberation and consultation, we thought that we could not have been disable co-operative will not be desired to in duty to the Confederate States decline the invitation, and directed Mr. Saunders to say that we would go to Washington if complete and was a sheet, and we, moreover, deemed it necessary to put it in cipier; if, indeed, there is anything in it worth concealing from our strength of the confederate States decline the objects that the Secretary of War had given to any think the or I should remain here to promote the objects that the Secretary of War had given in the confederate States decline the objects that the Secretar WHY SAUNDERS SOUGHT OUT GREELEY.

We did not expect to hear from Mr. Greeley anything in it worth concealing from our again upon the subject, and were greatly surnised by his note from the United States side of prised by his note from the United States side of your obedient servant, C. C. CLAY, Jz.

sired to the eyes of our own people—that war, with all its horrors, is less terrible and hateful than the alternative offered by Mr. Lincoln. We hope that none will hereafter be found in North Carolina, or in any other part of the Confederate States, so base as to insist that we shall make any more advances to him in behalf of peace; but that all of our citizens will gird themselves with renewed and redoubled energy and resolution to battle against our foes until our utter extermination rather than halt to ponder the terms which he haughtily proclaims as his ultimata. If such be the effect of our correspondence, we shall be amply indemnified for all the misrepresentation which we have incured or can incur.

If there is no more wisdom in our country than is displayed in the malignant articles of the Richmond Examiner and Petersbarg Register, approving of the ukase of Mr. Lincoln, the war must continue until neutral nations interfere and command the peace. Such articles are copied into all the Republican presses of the United States, and help them more in the prosecution of the war than anything they can themselves utter.

WHAT THE COPPERHEADS WERE DOING IN 1864.

If I am not deceived, the elements of convulsion and revelution existing in the North have been greatly agitated by the promuciamicato of the autocrat of the White House. Not only Democrates but Republicans are protesting against a draft to swell an army to fight to free negroes, and are declaring more boldly for States rights and the Union as it was. Many say the draft cannot and shall not be enforced. The Democracy are beginning to learn that they must endure prosecution, outrage and tyranny at the hands of the Republican just as soon as they can bring back their armed legion from the South. They read their own fate in that of the people of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland. They are beginning to learn more on the side of our people as their natural allies and as the champions of State rights and of popular liberty. Many of them would lock arms with our soldiers in crushing their common enemy—the Abolitionists. Many of them would fall into our lines if our armies occupied any state north of the Ohio for a month WHAT THE COPPERHEADS WERE DOING IN 1864.

Mr. Summer's Monster.

For more than three years a monster has been sitting in the Prisidential chair at Washington! There are no lights to his character. It is all black as night, without a star! Since the old Roman monster heroes, it will be difficult to find a creature made up so entirely of faults, so utterly devoid of excellencies. This is Gen. Grant, as Mr. Sumner has painted him! Paragraph after paragraph, column after column, page after page, the rehersal of the evil goes on, without a single light to the lung mountains of darkness, until we involuntarily cry out, "why does Providence permit such a miscreant to live!"

Soberly, Mr. Sumner has proved neither a wise rhetorician nor askillful special pleader. He has overcharged his picture. Men will not believe that the sober man of the White House is an incarnate fiend. That this oration will produce a certain effect upon natures already surcharged with violent feelings; that as a campaign occdocument it will have considerable weight, is probable. But we think it has so overstepped the bounds of moderation that fairminded and the just will recoil from it. Its influence will be temporary. By and by Mr. Sumner's friends will look back upon this speech with regret, as lacking in generosity, in justice, in truth, in moderation. No man who hates in fit to judge another. Sumner has thissed a monument of his hated to Grant.—Beecker's Christian Union.

other. Summer has beised a monument of his hatred to Grant.—Becker's Christian Union.

WE are frequently, regaled with long, high-sounding, tedious discourses of the power, purpose and purity of the press, with grasaitous, an patented advice of how to make a useful, desirable and lucrative newspaper. Major Bundy, of the New York Evening Med, has condensed the whole science of newspaper-making into a paragraph, which in default of having given the subject any very great space or altention heretofore, we publish:

To tell the news fairly, honestly and interestingly; to sid all good causes; to expose abuse and stimulate reform; to represent the most liberal thoughts and highest tendencies of the time; to welcome all schemes that promise good; to encourage all human enterprises; to stimulate the love of knowledge, a taste for art and the culture of all the better parts of nature; to sustain good government and honest rulers and to condemn and upset the bad—these are a few of the resources of a newspaper that has no quarrel with its neighbors, and that sticks closely to its purpose of living at peace with all mankind. A journal that nees these means of making itself interesting and useful with any degree of ability, will not fail, because it is free from abusive controversal articles.

The summer residence of the late Professor

defensive and offensive."

GREELEY HELPING THE REBEL PLANS.

If we can credit the asseveration of both Peace and War Democrata, uttered to us in person or through the presses of the United States, our correspondence with Mr. Greetey has been promotive of our wishes. It has impressed all but fanatical Abolitionists with the opinion that there can be no peace while Mr. Lincoln presides over the Government of the United States. All concede that we will not accept his terms, and scarcely any Democrat, and not all the Republicans, will insist on them. They are not willing to pay the price his terms exact of the North. They see that he can reach peace only through the presides and fours, through the utter demoralization of their people and destruction of their Republican governments, through anarchy and moral chaos—all of which is more repulsive and intolerable than even the separation and independence of the South.

GREELEY'S ORGAN ON THE REBEL SIDE.

All the Democratic presses denounce Mr. Lincoln's manifesto in strong terms, and many Republican presses (and among them the New York Tribuse) admit it was a blunder. Mr. Greeley has beed chagrined and incensed by it, as his articles clearly show. I am told by those who profess to have heard his private expressions of opinion and feeling, that he curses all fools in high places, and regards himself as deceived and maltreated by the administration. From all that I can see or hear, I am satisfied that the correspondence and the constant of the produces has tended strongly toward consolidation of the produces and regards himself as deceived and maltreated by the administration. From all that I can see or hear, I am satisfied that the correspondence and tended strongly toward consolidation and feeling, that he curses all fools in high places, and regards himself as deceived and maltreated by the administration. From all that I can see or hear, I am satisfied that the correspondence is the surface of the surface of

A young wife, on being lately asked that she would do in case her husband should fail, replied, "Live on arms, to be sure: I have two and he has two—with hands at the end of them." We

fail.

THE phrase, "You know how it is yourself,"
has been traced to Shakespeare. This idea is
found in the "Marry Wives of Windsor," Act II,
Scene 2.

THE SUNSET LAND.

Oh! dimly through the mist of years
That roll their dreary waves betwee
The gorgeous sunset land appears.
Arrayed in huse of faddeless green;
And from that far-off, sunsy time,
Old half-forgotten songs arise:
And stealing o'er the waves of Time,
The sweetly lingering music dies.

As some bright island of the sea,
Forever blooming—ever fair;
Though cold, dark billows round it be,
Eternal soushine hovers there.
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
Our eager, longing looks are cast,
Where, robed in fadeless green, appears
The sunlit Eden of the past.

There memory waves her garlands green Benides the lone, hope-haunted shore! And maning 'mid the Arcadian scene. Twince flowers that bloom for us no more Oh! hallowed clime! bleet kind of love! Sweetly paradise of earthly dreams! Still through thy vale may fancy rove. Still thank beneath thy evening beams.

And there they dwelled—those cherished ones, With anow-white brows and waving hair; I see them now—I hear their tones. Of sweetness algh along the air. Hark! how their allvery voices ring. In cadence with the wind a low algh; No sweeter is the wind-harp a string. That wakes at eve its melody.

They call to us; they wave their hands—As by the mirage lifted high. That clime in all it beauty stands, Against the forebead of the sky. With wreathed brow—with langh and song—With tender looks—hand clasped in hand. They move along, that love linked throng—Within the haunted sunset land.

A GALLANT RECORD.

General Grant's Early Army Life.

On his graduation in 1843, Cadet Grant was assigned a position as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the 4th United States Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Lonis, Mo. He joined his regiment in the autumn of that year, and his classmate and special friend, Frederick T. Deut, who was of a St. Louis family, was assigned to the same regiment. Whenever leave could be obtained, Lieut. Dent, in his visits to his home, took his friend with him, and here he became acquainted with that beautiful and estimable lady, Miss Maria Dent, whom he afterwards married. This acquaintance served to brighten a life which would otherwise have been painfully monotonous, for, with the exception of occasional visits to the frontier, not very distant at that time, to look after maranding Indians, there was, in truth, little to be done. In the course of the next year, he was sent to Camp Salubriety, Natchitoches, La., where the routine of existence was painfully dull, and young Grant began to realize that he had not received his education for nothing. On his graduation in 1843, Cadet Grant was as

was painfully dull, and young Grant began to realize that he had not received his education for nothing.

The next year his regiment was ordered to the Mexican frontier, where it formed part of Gen. Taylor's army of occupation. There was some trouble about boundaries between the United States and Mexico, and Gen. Taylor occupied Texas. About this time he received his full commission a Second Lieutenant, but he was gazetted to the 7th Regiment. This change was repugnant to him, as it separated him from his friend Deut and from his comrades of the 4th, who had learned to estimate the silent little man correctly, and who knew that beneath the plain exterior lurked the heart of a hero, and the genius of a great General. The officers united with him in endeavoring to effect a change in the appointment, and by special favor this was acceded to at headquarters, to the general Joy of the regiment. The 4th was in cantonueut for some time at Matamoras, and then marching under Taylor to relieve the sore-pressed garrisons of Fort Brown, the soldiers of the United States came in contact with the forces of Santa Anna at Palo Alto, where Grant first received the baptism of fire. It was fought on the 5th of May, and was a decisive victory for our soldiers. Grant in that action displaying the higher qualiteations which some suspected, but which yet alumbered, and which never would have been known if great emergencies had not brought them to light.

Santa Anna being largely re-enforced, made

have been known if great emergencies had not beought them to light.

Santa Anna being largely re-enforced, made snother stand on the following day at Resaca de la Palma, but his forces were completely routed and driven over the river in confusion. At the battle of Monterey, which was a far fiercer contest than either of the foregoing, the 4th Regiment bore the most prominent part, and Grant particularly distinguished himself, being mention in General Orders in terms of high approbation for his gallant conduct. Then followed the tedious siege of Vera Cruz, in which Lieutenant Grant's knowledge of engineering was found highly serviceable, and he was again mensioned in General Orders. As a kind of promotion, he was made Quartermaster General of his regiment, and at the same time placed on the staff of Gen. Taylor. And now came the long and toilsome march upon the City of Mexico, and the fierce fighting which made the reputation of Gen. Winfield Scott, especially Molino del Rey, where he was promoted to a first lieutenancy on the field of battle. This was fought in the 8th of September, 1847, but Quartermaster Grant, though by the regulations not compelled to serve in the field, had been in all the previous fighting at Cerro Gordo, at San Antonia, and at Cherubusco. On the 13th of September, five days after the fight at Molino del Rey, he did such valorious things at the storming of Chapultepec as won for him the praise and love of the whole army.

Half way up the slope, where frowned the castle's walls, was a strong field work, so flanked by ravines and canous that it could only be attacked in front under a withering fire. But it had to be carried before the stormers, with their ladders and their fascines to fill up the dry moat castle, could advance. A hattalion of the 4th was ordered to advance, and pressed forward steadily under the dreadful fire. At every step men fell dead and dying, and when they got within masket shot of the redoubt, the fire was so horrible that the line faltered, and flee upon the Mexican

WHEN Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, some probably well-meaning ministers considered it their duty to announce that he had by no means gone to Heaven, because be had previously gone to the theaven, because be had previously gone to the duestion. After Dicken's death, the English clergy dismissed him to the realms of bliss and wee, according to their estimate of the benefits of novel-reading. Another brisk discussion arose, and seems to have excited the old controversy in this country, for angry articles on the present status of Liucoln's soul are having a great run. A friend has entered the condict with the statement that he went to the theatre to get rid of office holders and office-seekers; that he was too tirred to see the play; that he talked about going to the Holy Land and Heaven; and that he was just anying "Jerusalem" when Booth shot him. We trust that this will end the dispute.—Chicago Tribuse.

THE poblest talents rust in indolence; and the most moderate, by industry may be astonishingly improved.

LOWELL MASON.

The Pather of Popular Music in America.

. WHOLE NUMBER, 791.

The Father of Popular Music in America.

[From the New York Tribune, Aug. 13.]

Lowell Mason, the eminent music teacher and composer, died in Orange, N. J., on Sunday. He was bern in Medfield, Mass., Jan. 8, 1792, and from childhood manifested great fondness for music. In his twentieth year he removed to Savannah, Ga., where, in cennection with other pursuits, he devoted much time to giving instructions in music and leading choirs and musical associations. In 1821, the "Boston Handel and Haydu Collection," his first essay in the compilation of church music, was published, and was favorbly received. He was induced in 1827 to leave Savannah for Boston, where he began the instruction of classes in vocal music, devoting special attention to the training of children to the performance to the alto part in choral music and to the introduction of vocal music into the public school. About 1828, William C. Woolbridge called his attention to the Pestalozzlan method of teaching music, and especially to the various

and to the introduction of vocal music into the public school. About 1828, William C. Woollbridge called his attention to the Pestalozzlan method of teaching music, and especially to the various improvements upon it; and, after due examination, Mr. Mason became a champion of the new method. Juvenile classes were now established and taught gratuitously by him, and he was soon compelled, by the extent of his labors, to take G. S. Webb as an associate. Under his influence vocal music received a new and extraordinary impulse in Boston and throughout New England. Emiment teachers were introduced into the schools; the Boston Academy of Music was established; music was prescribed as a regular branch of instruction in the public schools in Boston, and subsequently very generally throughout the entire country; permanent musical classes, lectures on music, concerts, schools for instrumental music, and teachers' institutes were also widely established.

In 1837, Mr. Mason visited Europe, and made himself acquainted with all the improvements in music teaching in all the continental cities. The growing taste for music which he had inspired incited him to prepare about this time numerous text books for juvenile classes, glee books, and collections of church music. The popularity of these and his late works have been very great, an account given in 1855, making the sale to thus date to be as follows of some of the forty or more separate publications prepared by him: "The Carmina Sacra" and "New Carmina," 500,000 copies; "The Choir or Union Collection," 1833, more than 50,000 copies, and "The Hallelujah," 1854, 185,000 copies, and "New Carmina," 500,000 copies; "The Choir or Union Collection," is used under his sanction, have been used extensively, and are regarded as standard works. In 1855 Mr. Mason received from the New York University the degree of doctor in music, the first instance of the confering of such a degree by an American college. Dr. Mason was accustomed, during many years, to teach and lecture at the institutio

(From the Boston Post.)

There are hundreds of thousand of hearts that will receive a sympathetic shock at the news of Dr. Lowell Mason's death. From the earliest years of his long life he was a musical enthusiast, and in childhood began that unwearied devotion to the most beautiful of arts which was deathed to accomplish so much of perinanent and inestimable value to the aesthetic and religious interests of the world. While yet a young man, he published the first of that series of sacred music collections which has for fifty years been the rade mecan of choirs and singing societies throughout the United States. His love for this style of music amounted to an all-absorbing passion, and his labors in that line were indefatigable. To Dr. Mason we owe the introduction in this comparty of a vast majority of the chorals by European composers, which are now as familiar as house-hold words in every city from Maine to Oregon. [From the Boston Post.] try of a vast majority of the chorals by European composers, which are now as familiar as house-hold words in every city from Maine to Oregon. Especially valuable was the service he rendered the public in the adaptation of the noble Gregorian tunes to the common metres in the shape of several most beautiful hymn tunes, whereof "Olmutz," is a conspicuous example. Without making any pretensions to genius, he also composed many tunes of great merit and universal nopularity; and it will be long before "Ariel," "Hebron" or "Nearer, My God, to Thee," fall into disuse. Dr. Mason was a unitye of Massachussits, and died at the good old age of eighty years.

Daniel Boone's Knife.

In looking over an old file of the New Orleans. Picagene (July 11, 1842.) we find that Dr. Wharton, a surgeon of the United States army, sent to the National Institute, at Washington, as a present from Daniel Boone's son, Captain N. Boone, then at Fort Leavenworth, the old veteran's knife with this romantic letter:

"In the Fall of 17-9 the veteran, Daniel, in company with his brother Edward, were out in-

knife with this romantic letter:

"In the Fall of 1780 the veteran, Daniel, in company with his brother Edward, were out into the far wilds of Kentucky in pursuit of buffalo. They rested on their return home at a large deer lick near the bank of a creek, and were hardly scated when a deer walked into the neighborshood. Edward Boone shot it down and dragged it into the shade where old Daniel sat gracking walnuts. Just at this moment a party of Indians fred upon them from a neighboring camebrake. Edward fell dead. Daniel Boon sprang to his horse, but the Indians rushed out so suddenly that he was compelled to take to immediate flight on foot. In the hurry he lost his knife. Finding himself closely followed by the savages, he entered a canebrake which concealed him from their sight. They then pursued him with their dogs, and it was not until he had killed two of these that the Indians abandoned the chase. The knife remained lost until the summer of 1e22 (forty-two years), at which time some persons drawing a sein in the creek brought it up from the bottom immediately at the lick alluded to. The creek and lick are in Clarke County, Ky., and have been called Boone's lick and Boone's creek, ever since this rencountre."

We have seen this old hunter's knife in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. It differs but little from any old hunter's knife made for dressing deer, cutting meat or cutting a sappling, but of course is a curiosity as a relic of a

Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. It differs but little from any old hunter's knife made for dressing deer, entring meat or entring a sappling, but of course is a curiosity as a relic of as man whose history is a romance of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. It may not be known that Daniel Boone hunted buffale on and around where Lawrence now stands, but such is the fact. In his last hunt, before his illness of which he died, he stopped on the half-breed Kaw reserve and put up at the old stone house, the ruins of which were standing when we first came to Kansas, in 1854, just below Williamstown, near the Kansas Pacine road. Daniel Boone died in Calloway County, Missouri. When Mr. Harding, the artist, came West to paint his portrait, in 1250, he found him lying in his hunk in a cabin, cooking a venison steak on a ramred. Tradition says, that in spite of his many Indian encounters he was a lover of peace—modest, moral and temperate, and while professing no creed, in the vast solitudes of the wilderness, he kindly reverenced the Creator.—Lawrence Tribane.

A SACRAMENTO telegraph office is ridding itself of loafers. The Bee says: "A box running the full length of the front of the office on the outside has hitherto furnished a tempting seat for the habitnes. This has been covered with the batteries this. Were contained in the box. A person sitting upon the box without touching his hands thereto will not feel the electricity, but if his hands drop to the box, or he puts them thereon to assist him in rising, he receives such a sudden and astonishing shock as sends him an unbelievable number of feet towards the lofty roof and adjacent river. Any good day a person can see some of these unfortunates unexpectedly struck with this domesticated lightning, describing a fifty feet parabola in the air."

THE Central Pacific railroad is fully 1,000 feet shorter in December than in January, owing to the iron contracting with the cold. It is grand to think that the Pacific is brought so much nearer the Atlantic. Glory to science!

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin, a fool never known when to stop.